



man 's got a quar-
the bill."

—because it's out of the

A MUCH ADMIR'D SONG CALLED TIE MY TOES TO THE BED

When I first came to Dublin I veiw'd barrack stree
I was a hearty young fellow and smart on my feet
I met with a girl call'd bessey McCabe
She brough me to a lodgin call'd sweet dirty lane

I had two hundred & a good suit of cloaths
And to tell you the truth I had a new pair of brouges
I d u love y felt hat and my waistcoat was red
And y ung bessey McCabe tied my toes to the bed

Whkn I wakend next morning young bessey was gone
And five drunken girls to work they began
They had black eyes br ken noses their blood ran in stream
Faish says I to myself but they will end my days

The Mistress I ask'd her where was my cloaths
She told me my wife brought them off I suppose
Blugaronthers says I was I married last night
And they told I was to a handsome young wife

Call her in my good people till I see her face
I just came to dublin to ren-w my le se
She has my two hundred pounds and my darling fine purse
And if she be my wife she served me bad enough

When I thought for to rise my 2 toes they are tied
And they told me it was tricks that was playd by the bride
She cover d me snug in the bed with the cloaths
But she never came back for to loosen my toes

They br ught me to confinement and lock me up tight
Without sheet or blanket the length of the night
The dick nsa bed was there to lie down
But walking about like a bull in a pound

So all you young fellows to Dublin does go
Take care of young bessey lest she serve you so
She took my two hundred pound my big coat and my brou-
ges
And she never came back for to loosen my toes

When she brought me to trial she swore to her shoes]
Dev la bazard in dub in but did me abuse
The justice hath stand for to hang me dead
And he laught at my wife tying my toes to the bed